Hannigram Kinktober Ficlet Collection

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26918443.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Rape/Non-Con, Underage
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Anthony Dimmond/Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Original Character(s)
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Anthony Dimmond
Additional Tags:	Breathplay, Intercrural Sex, Public Sex, Somnophilia, Non-Consensual Somnophilia, Masturbation, Mutual Masturbation, Monsters, Facials, Master/Slave, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Ficlet Collection, Blow Jobs, Young Will Graham, Bottom Will Graham, Snuff, Murder Husbands, Voyeurism, Necrophilia, Rape/Non-con Elements, Watersports, Amputation, Cannibalism, Drugged Will Graham, Cock Warming, Sub Hannibal Lecter, Bondage, Body Worship, Deepthroating, Masochism, Sub Will Graham, Bottom Hannibal Lecter, Lingerie, Age Play, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Threesome - M/M/M, BDSM, Aftercare, Sensory Deprivation, Face-Sitting, Food Kink, Scent Marking, Wax Play
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-09 Completed: 2020-10-31 Words: 13,288 Chapters: 31/31

Hannigram Kinktober Ficlet Collection

by jessahmewren

Summary

All 31 days of my Hannigram Kinktober ficlets. Each chapter title denotes a prompt.

Notes

These are all 31 of the prompt responses I've posted @willygrayham on Twitter. Thanks to A_bello for the excellent calendar. Some of these may become full-fledged fics. Just lmk if you would like to see more of anything and thanks for reading! I hope you enjoy :).

See the end of the work for more notes

Breathplay

-0-0-0-

Hannibal rode Will with abandon, his fingers clasped around his neck. He squeezed, felt Will shudder as his eyes rolled back. Moments later he released the hold, watched Will's lungs inflate just a little. "Beautiful thing," Hannibal murmured as he bent to kiss him.

-0-0-0-

Thigh-Fucking

-0-0-0-

"Take my thighs first Daddy." Hannibal loved him like this, on all fours w/lube dripping from his hole and painting a slick trail down his thighs. He stripped off his belt, Will moaning as he secured his legs so the fit would be nice & tight. Hannibal fucked into the snug channel he'd created, Will shaking beneath him, clutching the headboard as Hannibal increased the power of his thrusts. When he was close, he pulled out, stroking himself to orgasm and painting Will's cheeks white. Hannibal loosened the belt, spreading Will's legs so his ass was in the air. He was a panting, sobbing mess, but Hannibal was nowhere near done with him.

-0-0-0-

Public

-0-0-0-

The waitress smiled at Hannibal, and Will sneered. His hand caught Hannibal's in a tight squeeze before he slid under the table, hidden from view beneath the white cloth. Hannibal settled his fingers in Will's hair. "Darling, what are you doing?"

Will settled between Hannibal's legs. "Showing you who you belong to," Will said, his breath warm over Hannibal's hardening cock. He took him out, nearly bumping his head on the underside of the table as he mouthed the head, licked a stripe along the prominent vein. He hummed, swallowing him down in one smooth action, feeling Hannibal's thighs tighten around him, his hand clench in his hair.

Hannibal fingered his wine stem as the waitress returned. "As if there was any question as to who I belong to," he said, low enough for only Will to hear.

-0-0-0-

Somnophilia

-0-0-0-

The two fingers of whiskey Will indulged in at night had plunged him into a soundless sleep. Hannibal took this opportunity to graze his hand along Will's lax face, down his chest to his half hard cock. He thumbed over the head, & Will moaned in his sleep, his fingers twitching lightly. Hannibal freed his cock and then shed his boxers completely, stealthily, inch by inch so he would not wake Will. He pumped some lube into his hands and warmed his fingers before circling Will's puckered hole.

Hannibal delighted in the way Will's cock twitched in interest, in the soft way Will moaned as he circled his rim. With the other hand, he stroked Will to full hardness, carefully so he didn't stir. Will's limbs twitched as Hannibal sank the first digit into Will's tight heat. He soothed him with a hand to his chest. The second finger went in easier than the first, and he worked his boy open, eyes on his face as Will's eyelids fluttered. Hannibal smiled. He hoped his dreams were pleasant. He always did.

Will's breathing changed at three fingers, and when the head of Hannibal's cock breached his rim, Will's head jerked a little on the pillow. "Good boy, my Darling, you're so good for me," Hannibal cooed as he sank slowly and carefully into his sleeping boy, his arms braced on the mattress, his face hovering over Will's, sharing his breath.

-0-0-0-

Masturbation

-0-0-0-

Hannibal adjusted the webcam so his face was in clear view. He leaned in, peering at the image of Will on the edge of the bed. "Show me, Will. Show me how you touch yourself when I'm not there." Will's cheeks flamed, but he slid himself back onto the duvet and fumbled with his belt buckle. His hands found his cock and he clutched at himself through the fabric, teasing himself to hardness. "What," he started, his lips dry. "What do you want me to do?" Hannibal's low chuckle rumbled through the speaker, & Will moaned.

"Do what you do when you're alone." Will took out his cock, licking his hand as he wrapped it around it loosely. The other hand traveled up to tease at one of his nipples, and his back arched. A soft moan escaped his lips as he started stroking himself in tight, firm jerks. Precum leaked from the head & he used it to ease the way as he stroked tight and fast, his lower lip between his teeth. Will could hear the soft rustle of fabric through the speaker, the way Hannibal's voice pitched low. "Do you ever penetrate yourself Will? Do you think of me when you do it?"

Will was grunting softly in time with his hand. He gritted his teeth, toes flexing in his rising pleasure." Sometimes," he gasped. "Oh Hannibal, I'm close."

Hannibal smiled, exhaling loudly. "I wish I could smell you my love. Come for me. Think of my hands on "your body. Let your touch be mine." Will, moaned, dutifully stroking his cock as he neared his release. His vision blurred at the edges, a blinding heat twining in his belly. He drew one leg up, opening his thighs for Hannibal's viewing. With one twist of his wrist he came, Spurting over his fist and belly and gasping Hannibal's name. As he came down from the precipice he could hear the way Hannibal's breathing had changed, hear him touching himself. Hannibal closed his eyes. "Was it good, Darling?" Will sighed, heart stuttering in his chest.

He wiped his hand on his chest & sat up, unbothered by the mess. "It was good, but it wasn't you." He licked his lips, imagining his kiss. "Come home soon, Hannibal." Hannibal leaned toward the screen as if he could reach through it. "I will my love," & finished himself.

-0-0-0-

Monsterfucking

-0-0-0-

Will was old enough to sleep without a light on. He was old enough to drive; he was old enough for a girlfriend or boyfriend. He was old enough to not believe in monsters under the bed, but he was also old enough to know fact from fiction.

The eyes blinking back at him from the closet were red and rimmed in gold, and they shone with an all-to-familiar light. That was fact.

The Darkness, because that's what Will had always called it, had always been there. Watching…waiting. Sometimes he spoke his name.

Will lay awake in the dark, the shadows closing in around him. He pulled the covers up, closing his eyes against the sound of his heart thundering in his ears. The Darkness was here; he was always here.

Will blinked and a shadowy form stood at the foot of his bed. Will dared not move, too afraid to breathe, to insight its wrath. He stared into the burning ember eyes.

"What do you want from me?" Will whispered. He sounded little. He sounded afraid.

The Darkness chuckled darkly, curly horns framing his face. A clawed hand reached forth and jerked the covers from the boy's form, leaving him trembling in the chill of the bedroom.

"For years I have watched you," the Darkness said in a low, raspy voice. "I have watched and I have waited." The beast wrapped a clawed hand around the boy's leg and yanked him down the length of the mattress. "And now you are mine."

Will bit his lip, teeth pressing into the plump flesh. "Please," he almost whispered. Hot tears sprang in his eyes, and he squeezed them shut. "Please don't hurt me."

The Darkness laughed again, a surprisingly smooth hand rubbing small circles on the boy's thighs. "I may hurt you," he sneered, "but you may like it."

Will kicked outward, his foot finding purchase in downy ebony fur. The beast growled, scratching at Will's thighs and leaving blood trails in its wake.

Will opened his mouth to scream, and a hand stifled him. The other hand sliced his underwear from his body with long, sharp claws, leaving the boy naked and shifting beneath the monster.

Then the boy saw the beast's long barbed cock where it stood out from his body. It was leaking at the head.

Will thrashed in the beasts arms, and it made a curious shushing sound. He petted through the boy's hair, delighting in the soft curls he'd admired over the years where they lay splayed over the pillow as the boy slept. Now the boy was his; they would finally be one.

A hand went down to the boy's flaccid cock and stroked him to hardness. Will squeaked, trying to twist away from the Darkness as he manipulated his body. The beast worked his cock until Will was leaking against his belly and panting for breath.

The beast flipped Will onto his belly, his ass in the air. He stroked himself until a thin secretion, clear and sticky, coated his cock. He then grabbed the boy's hips and lined up at his small puckered entrance.

Will gasped into the pillow, the monster hot and thick within him. He could feel the monster's claws drawing blood on his hips, the downy fur pressed firm against his ass. The monster withdrew, the barbs on his cock catching Will's prostate, and Will trembled around him.

The monster's cock stretched him so completely, filled him up so perfectly, that Will's stuttered gasps and moans soon turned to sounds of pleasure. He felt his cock stir, and he pushed back against where their bodies were joined. The Darkness hummed in satisfaction and began fucking the boy in earnest.

The monster was powerful, and it was all Will could do to grapple for purchase on the bedclothes, the pillows, anything he could get his hands on. His body was rocked so thoroughly by the monster that his breath was coming in little pants of pleasure punctuated by the occasional high keening yelp of pure ecstasy.

He could feel his release. As the Darkness plunged in and out of his body, he could feel the tension building low in his belly, could feel a spring ready to uncoil.

The monster felt it too. "When you come for me, you will be mine," the monster said in that same raspy voice. "And I too will be yours."

The Darkness then pushed the boys head into the mattress and filled him with ropes and ropes of sticky come, his hips stuttering and uneven as the barbed cock drove into the boy's tight channel.

A hand over his mouth prevented Will's scream of pleasure as he came too, spurting over sheets and coverlet.

When the monster was spent, he sagged over Will, his hot breath on his neck. Will tried to shift away, but they were locked together.

"We are one," the raspy voice intoned. "Just like I promised."

Will moaned, weakly pawing at the monster as it eased them on their side. Will could feel the monster still coming inside of him. His thighs were slick and sticky.

The monster wrapped his strong arms around the boy and held him close. He cooed to the boy, pleasant and low, until Will fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

-0-0-0-

Cumshot

-0-0-0-

"Will hummed around Hannibal's cock, palming himself with a free hand. Hannibal was close, he could tell by the bitter saltiness of him, the uneven way he thrust into his mouth. Will closed his eyes and sucked, only to be pulled off by his hair. Hannibal tilted his head up so that Will was looking up at him with hazy blue eyes, Hannibal's cock still brushing his lips. "I want you just like this," Hannibal said as he fisted his cock. A few strokes & he was coming, ropes of white painting Will's lips, his cheek, even his hair. Hannibal knelt and kissed him, smearing the mess on his cheek. "Mine," he murmured breathlessly against Will's lips. He could feel Will's answering smile. "Yours."

-0-0-0-

Power Imbalance (Master/Slave)

-0-0-0-

The boy sat on the cold concrete floor, naked and covered in filth. The heavy chain around his waist was attached to his wrists, so he couldn't lift his arms. His neck was covered in a thick leather collar, and Hannibal could see where the skin had chafed. Of all the slaves he'd viewed in the warehouse, this little urchin was the only one he'd wanted to touch. So he did.

He put his hand in the matted curls and gently pushed the boy's head back. Stunning blue eyes, as deep and as wide as the sea stared up at him. They were brimming with tears, and Hannibal watched, transfixed, as one tear tracked down the boy's dirty cheek. Hannibal caught it with his thumb, wiping it away, and the boy's tongue snaked out to wet his cracked lips.

"He's quiet," his handler said, "but he can take a cock. In whatever hole you put it in." The portly man laughed hardily at his own joke, while Hannibal's hand caressed the boy's face.

"Try him out," the handler urged, and Hannibal slipped a thumb into the boy's mouth. Gently, he began to suck, and Hannibal could feel his cock filling out. He could see this boy, balancing on his knees, taking what he was given. He would wash him until he was scrubbed pink and gleaming. He would feed him until he could no longer see his ribs.

And he would fuck him to bring him pleasure, not just to satisfy his carnal desires.

"I'll take this one," he said as the boy's cheeks hollowed around his thumb. "How about it," he said as he looked into those blue eyes. "Would you like to come home with me?"

The boy released his thumb with a plop, spit clinging to the plump edge of his lips. Then, as if he had a choice, he smiled and said "Yes, Master."

-0-0-0-

A/B/O/Breeding

-0-0-0-

“Breed me,” the boy cooed, pressing himself to Hannibal’s front. “I can smell you, Alpha. I know you want me.”

Hannibal wrenched the boy away from him, holding him away from his body by the shoulders. He was a slight little Omega, not yet mature, the son of his neighbor.

And utterly, stunningly beautiful.

Hannibal chuckled. “You’re too young, Darling. I bet you’re not yet producing.” Hannibal leveled the boy with an amber gaze. “Are you?”

The boy crossed his arms in front of himself, and it made him look smaller. “I am too! I can show you.”

He was a tempting and petulant thing when he wanted to be.

Hannibal shook his head. “Not enough slick for me, Little One. You would have to be thoroughly soaked. And I would smell it.”

Will blushed, twisting his fingers in front of him. “But I want you,” he whined. “I want your knot, Alpha, please!”

Hannibal smoothed the boy’s cheek with his hand, gently cupping his face. “And I said you weren’t ready.” He leveled the boy with his eyes. “You wouldn’t want me to hurt you, would you?”

Will pouted, drawing attention to his plum mouth. “You wouldn’t hurt me. I promise.”

Hannibal’s face grew stern. “Will, I said no.”

The boy had tears in his eyes, rejected as he was, and he turned to leave. Hannibal caught his arm. “You may not be ready for a knot, but you said you would show me your slick.” His eyes gleamed. “You’re producing already?”

Will nodded excitedly, hands shaking as he fumbled with his belt buckle. Hannibal stilled his jerky movements with one large hand. “Let me, dearest. We have all the time in the world.”

-0-0-0-

Voyeurism

-0-0-0-

The hotel room was nondescript, beige industrial carpet and a full-sized bed with an ugly duvet. Hannibal sat in the corner, casually glancing at his watch. It was late, and Will should've been back by now.

As if summoned, Hannibal heard the lock click and the door handle rattle. Will tumbled in, hands pawing at a young man in his twenties, dark hair and pale. Hannibal's mouth twitched.

He watched as Will took him apart, hurriedly unbuttoning his shirt and stripping it off, smoothing his hand down his back to clutch at his ass. Will mouthed at his neck, and the man whimpered. Hannibal's cock stirred.

"Whoa, who the fuck is that?" The man asked as the shadows shifted and he caught sight of Hannibal.

Will licked at the corner of his mouth, nipping lightly. "My husband," he whispered.

The man stiffened. "I don't do threesomes," he said warily. His eyes were sable and somewhat startled.

Will smoothed a hand down his chest, working his belt loose. "Don't worry about it. He's just going to watch."

The man relaxed a little, returning Will's kiss as Will wrapped a hand around the man's cock. He groaned, flexing into the touch.

"I don't know how I feel about being watched," He said between kisses.

Will pushed him down on the bed, and the man's legs went around his waist. "You'll like it," he promised.

Hannibal tossed Will the lube, and he watched as Will hurriedly fingered the man open. Will slicked his cock, lining up at the man's entrance before pushing in with a grunt. He fucked into the man roughly, his hand going up to the man's throat. The man's eyes widened, but he did not move to stop him.

"Now?" Will asked, his hips steadily thrusting into the writhing man beneath him.

Hannibal hummed. "Yes," he said. "Before you come."

Will applied more pressure to the man's throat, his other hand going up to steadily squeeze. The man's arms flew up to defend himself, but it was too late; he was already losing consciousness.

Will continued to choke the man until he was sure he was dead. Only then did Hannibal emerge from the shadows, suit impeccable, to rest a hand at the small of Will's back.

Will pulled out of the man, his cock red and wet with lube. Hannibal reached down to take him in hand, relishing the heat and hardness of him. Will pulsed in his hand, arching his hips into the touch.

"Not here," Hannibal chastised him. "Not until I say."

Will demurred, instead kissing Hannibal where he stood holding his cock. Hannibal thumbed over the head, then released him.

He watched Will dress and drag the body forward onto the mattress. Hannibal drew forth a large duffle bag, and Will helped him stuff the body into it. Together, they hefted the bag into Will's waiting rental car. Only then, did he draw Will's head to him for a kiss.

"Do you know what it does to me when I see you like that?"

Will's eyes were bright, his kiss-swollen lips parted. Numbly, he nodded.

"It reminds me of how lucky I am," Hannibal murmured, "that no one else gets to see you like that." He stroked his thumb along Will's cheek. "And no one ever will."

-0-0-0-

Necrophilia

-0-0-0-

Will snarled, arm swinging, the knife he held finding its home in the man's soft gut. Blood poured from the wound. It was one of many he had inflicted, and his face and glasses were flecked with a fine red spray.

Hannibal watched, plastic suit covering his impeccable clothes. Will knew that soon he'd step out of it and look absolutely perfect. But this was his kill, and he preferred things a little messier. Hannibal didn't mind. He loved watching his boy work. The man gurgled once, twice, and finally died.

Will palmed his cock, not surprised to find himself hard and straining. He looked at Hannibal with a feral light, then unzipped his pants. The stab wound was higher than waist-high, so he cut the man down and let him drop to the floor. He straddled the corpse and rutted against it before slipping his cock into the stab wound, still warm and wet with blood.

"Unngg," Will moaned as he fucked into the cavity of the body beneath him. The wound made soft sucking sounds with every thrust, and his cock was coated in viscera. It felt like sex. It felt divine.

He heard, but did not see Hannibal unzip the front of the plastic suit and free his cock. He could hear the strokes in time with his thrusts, dry and rough but accompanied by breaths and grunts as Hannibal watched Will take his pleasure in his latest kill. Will braced himself against the man's body, grinding into the unmoving form as Hannibal's breaths became louder, echoing off the basement walls. Will could feel his release coming, feel the tug of it low in his belly, so he pulled out of the wound and finished himself over the corpse's torso, crying out as Hannibal watched.

When he was done, he regathered himself, wiping the mess off on the back of his jeans. He turned to Hannibal, who had his cock in his hand and a faint gleam in his eye. "I wanna do that again," Will said.

Hannibal smiled. "Messy, messy boy."

-0-0-0-

Chloroform/Drugged

-0-0-0-

Will looked up shyly from his wine glass and licked his lips. "I want you to kidnap me."

Hannibal tilted his head and leaned in, suddenly very interested. "It's a fantasy of mine," Will continued, his cheeks bright pink. "I just want to be totally at someone's mercy." He took another sip of wine. "And I'd like that someone to be you."

Hannibal swallowed, secretly thrilled at this revelation. His face, however, remained impassive. "How would you like me to do it?"

Will smiled. "Any way you wish, just," he wavered, momentarily losing his nerve. "Don't tell me when."

True to his word, several weeks passed. They never discussed Will's confession, but Hannibal never forgot it. One crisp fall night in October Hannibal lay in wait for him, still & quiet in Will's little house in Wolf Trap. He pressed his body into the shadows as he heard the car drive up. The dogs all knew him; they were full of sausages & not inclined to bark. When the door opened & Will stepped inside, Hannibal was on him. A rag soaked in Chloroform had him limp in his arms within moments. Hannibal gentled his weak struggles, shushing his boy into unconsciousness. When Will woke up, he was bound and gagged, tied to a table in Hannibal's basement. A bright light shone in his face, and he had no idea where he was.

Until he saw Hannibal.

"Mmmf," Will managed as he tried to speak. He flexed numb fingers only to find the surface of the cold steel table. Hannibal moved into view, his face serene & somewhat satisfied. His hands were clasped behind his back. "You really are beautiful like this Will. Prone & perfectly mine."

Will made another little helpless sound & tried to move his feet. They were tied apart, and that's when he discovered he wasn't wearing any pants. His struggles grew in voracity, and Hannibal put a hand on his thigh to gentle him. It was large and warm.

"Hush now darling," Hannibal said as his hand crept higher and higher. He gently cupped Will's balls, and Will jerked at the contact. Hannibal reached inside his boxers and worked his half-hard cock until it was fully erect. He gave it a few strokes, tight and languid, & Will moaned.

Hannibal's hand left his cock and traveled up his chest, tweaking his nipples through his thin cotton shirt. Will arched into him, his head going back to bare his neck. Hannibal chuckled. "I think I'll leave you like this my love. Let you wonder whether or not I'm coming back. Then he turned and went up the stairs, turning the light out on his way.

Will lay in the dark, terrified, hard, & leaking. He pressed his eyes closed, a few tears slipping down his face. He was finally at Hannibal's mercy & he couldn't be happier.

-0-0-0-

Dub-con/Non-con

-0-0-0-

Hannibal thumbed across Will's lips, slicking his finger in the sweat and spit that had accumulated on the fine flesh. Will was beautiful like this…bound and naked in his bed. He would take his time; he would enjoy his boy to the fullest.

"Hannibal, please. Please don't do this."

A single tear escaped full lashed, and Hannibal caught it with his tongue before it hit the pillow.

He let his hand glide over Will's smooth chest, taking time to thumb at a nipple. He watched, fascinated, as Will's cock twitched in interest. He did it again, harder this time, adding the edge of a thumbnail against the sensitive flesh and Will gasped.

"We can talk about this," Will said desperately. "You don't," he swallowed, his heart hammering in his chest. "You don't have to do it this way."

Hannibal went up to caress his face. Will was slick with sweat, and his heart was rabbit-fast. He pressed his lips to the center of Will's chest, and Will arched against his bindings.

"But I want to do it this way," Hannibal said. "I want to take you. Own you."

"But I don't want it," Will protested. "I said no, Hannibal."

Hannibal slid his hand down to wrap around Will's half-hard cock. "I heard you, my love. But your body says otherwise. Your body is practically singing at my touch."

Will closed his eyes, more tears escaping as he struggled weakly against the tight leather cuffs around his wrists and ankles. A since of panic threatened to overtake him, and he struggled to regulate his breathing.

"I'm going to prepare you now, dearest," Hannibal almost cooed. He slicked his fingers with lube, and before Will could say anything Hannibal had one finger buried in him up to the knuckle.

"Unnh," Will gasped as he tried to jerk away. He did not want, did not want, and the slight burn and foreign feeling of Hannibal inside of him felt wrong. He felt helpless.

"God Hannibal, don't!" Will screamed, but Hannibal only worked the finger in and out of him, joining it after a few long moments with another.

"Bear down around me, my love. It will ease the feeling of discomfort." Hannibal pumped more lube into his hands and began scissoring him open, feeling the tight channel of Will's body slowly open to him.

He found Will's prostate, and Will cried out, arching up against the fingers without meaning too. Hannibal smiled, working the spot until Will was panting and writhing against his bindings.

"H-Hannibal. This…this isn't right," Will stammered, but Hannibal only had his eyes on his cock where it strained against his belly, hard, leaking and wanting attention.

Hannibal added another finger and began to fuck him in earnest. "It feels good, doesn't it my love?"

Will was tense, his bottom lip white where he was biting into it. Unbidden, he whined.

"Yes," Hannibal answered for him. "Yes it does." Hannibal withdrew his fingers and patted them messily against Will's inner thigh. "I believe you're ready, darling."

Will strained his head to look at where Hannibal knelt between his legs. Hannibal's cock was straining in his pants, and he was methodically working his belt buckle. His heart sank.

"R-ready for what?" He asked, though he thought he knew.

Hannibal smiled. "For me to penetrate you, of course."

Will threw his head back and groaned, his eyes shut tight against the feeling of Hannibal's cockhead nudging his entrance. "Please," Will whispered, though he no longer knew what he was asking for.

Hannibal squeezed his hips and entered Will roughly, sighing as he seated himself in Will's tight heat. Hannibal took a moment to catch his breath, momentarily overwhelmed by the feeling. "You are sublime, dearest. And so good for me."

Will was openly crying now. "Fuck you," he said through gritted teeth. His wrists were raw from where he had scraped them against the cuffs, but he strained against them anyway.

"Language," Hannibal admonished as he began to fuck into Will with slow, steady thrusts. "I'm going to make you feel so good, Will. Just let me."

The momentary burn and ache was soon replaced with a warmth and fullness that was not unwelcome. His neglected cock twisted, leaking from the head as Hannibal found that spot inside him that made his entire body go lax.

Will moaned, and his body relaxed. Hannibal praised him, covering his body with kisses, little nips and bites that would stain Will's skin for days to come.

Finally, Hannibal touched Will's cock and he arched into his hand. Hannibal began to stroke him in time with his thrusts, and Will could feel his body betray him…could feel the pleasure rise and coil in his belly, poised for release.

"Hannibal," Will whispered, and Hannibal fucked him hard, the wet squelch of his hot length moving in and out of his body and Will's desperate pants the only sounds in the room.

“Come for me, Will. Come on.” Hannibal stroked him harder, thumbing over the head. “Show me how much you’re enjoying this.”

Will gritted his teeth against his inevitable orgasm. “I hate you,” he ground out as he came between them, the mess spilling over his belly and Hannibal’s hand.

“You won’t for long,” Hannibal said as he smoothed a kiss over his brow. His thrusts were becoming uneven, ragged and desperate. He held himself to prolong the experience, but Will was too tempting, too overwhelming.

“I’m going to fill you,” Hannibal whispered as his hips slammed against Will’s oversensitive prostate. “I’m going to fill you and then plug you with my seed.”

Will moaned, unbidden, the overstimulation driving him to another weak orgasm. It was enough to send Hannibal over the edge, and he came in Will with a low grunt.

He sagged over his boy and nuzzled his sweat soaked hair. Will was hazy from his last orgasm and clenched weakly around Hannibal’s cock. Hannibal preened.

“You were so good for me,” Hannibal cooed. “You’re my precious boy and no one is ever going to take you away from me.”

Will hummed and nodded. “Let me go, please. It hurts.”

Hannibal kissed his cheek as he slid out of him. He inserted the plug into Will’s loose hole, and will grunted.

“What hurts, my love?”

Will shifted against the plug. “My wrists,” he rasped.

Hannibal stroked his face. “Poor thing. I’ll use lamb’s wool next time.”

Will pressed his lips together. “Thank you,” he said, barely a whisper.

Hannibal looped his arms around Will and unbuckled his hands. Will stretched his stiff limbs, and Hannibal caught him in a tight embrace.

“I’m sorry,” Hannibal said softly. “I just wanted you to know how I feel about you, how I-“

Will silenced him with a kiss. “I know, Hannibal. I know.”

-0-0-0-

Watersports

-0-0-0-

“Piss on me.”

Hannibal employed a Herculean effort to swallow his wine and set the glass down on the table.

“Are you asking me what I think you’re asking me?”

Will raised his eyebrows and leaned over his empty plate. He locked eyes with Hannibal. “I want you…to piss on me,” he repeated.

Hannibal dabbed at the corner of his mouth with a napkin. “Of course Will. Anything you want.”

They did it on a Saturday. Hannibal spread a tarp in the study, a stack of fluffy towels nearby. He’d modified his diet in the preceding days so that his urine would be more fragrant; he wanted this experience to be as pleasurable for Will as possible.

And Will had been hard all day thinking about it.

When he was ready, Hannibal bid him undress, watching him with hungry eyes. Hannibal pressed his hands on his shoulders, urging him to his knees. Will obeyed, staring up at Hannibal with something akin to wonder.

“Do you want me to bind your hands?”

Will moaned, and Hannibal took that as a yes. He was already dropping, his eyes hazy and unfocused. Hannibal took off his tie and bound Will’s hands behind his back, relishing the way his hands flexed over the curve of his ass.

Hannibal stood over him and unzipped his fly. He withdrew his cock and held it in his hand as Will looked up at him with large, glazed over eyes. “Open your mouth, Will,” Hannibal said, and then he started.

When the wet warmth hit Will, he moaned. Hannibal aimed for the top of his head, letting the warm piss run over his face and into his mouth, then down onto his chest where it rolled smoothly down his body and then down onto the floor. Distantly, Will heard the flat patter of the droplets hitting the plastic tarp.

He was euphoric…the way the piss wet his hair, dripped into his eyes, painted his cheeks with wet and comforting heat. The smell of it...the taste of it. Will nearly came from the taste of it.

He was hard and leaking when the last drop hit his face. Will raised up and licked the head of Hannibal's cock, tasting the remnants of his golden shower. He collapsed back onto his knees, hair dripping and blissfully numb.

Hannibal wrapped him in a fluffy towel, kissing his forehead. "You were so good for me, Darling. So very good." He led them both to the shower, already hot and steaming, and pressed him inside the stall.

Hannibal disrobed and joined him, pressing his boy close to him. He washed him tenderly, scrubbing his hair and face and working his way down to his rigid cock. Hannibal stroked him a few times and Will groaned into his shoulder, slick and soapy and so eager to please. When he led him out of the shower he wrapped him in more fluffy towels and laid him out onto their large, comfortable bed.

He didn't bother dressing him as he lowered his mouth to Will's still-leaking cock and rewarded his boy.

-0-0-0-

Blood and Gore

-0-0-0-

Will took a deep breath for four seconds, counted to four, and let it out for eight seconds. It was a stupid trick a school counselor taught him in high school, and while he had despised the whole experience of going to see the school counselor, or more appropriately needing to see one, Will had found it helpful through the years.

As he did now.

Hannibal adjusted the tourniquet on Will's arm, taking a moment to gently smooth over the flesh there. "I promise, darling, after the initial cut, you won't feel a thing."

Will swallowed. His mouth was dry from the drugs Hannibal had given him, and the room spun in violent shifts of shape and color. He closed his eyes and did the breathing trick again.

"Why do I have to lose my arm again?"

Hannibal chuckled fondly and lovingly caressed Will's cheek. He pinched the flesh just enough to make Will's numb body tingle.

"Because we're going to eat it," Hannibal said simply. "I'm going to roast your arm with a lovely glaze and we'll eat it with fingerling potatoes and sautéed carrots. We're going to do it together, my love."

Will attempted a smile, his mouth lax. "Fingerling potatoes," he slurred. "That's funny."

Hannibal gave him another fond smile. "Yes, I suppose it is. Since we'll eat your fingers too."

Will put his head back against the chair and stared too long into the bright surgical light. He felt floaty. He felt free. He wondered, nonsensically, if he would enjoy eating his own arm. He probably would.

Hannibal held a shiny scalpel in one gloved hand and pressed it to Will's arm, just below the elbow. A thin red thread of blood beaded up beneath the scalpel's blade, and Will watched in fascination as the thread thickened and ran down his arm onto metal tray. He felt pain, distantly, a phantom stinging and a hot flash of sensation then, just as Hannibal said, nothing at all. He watched as the flap of skin was peeled away and the scalpel cut deeper into the musculature of his arm. He saw bone and tendon shining red and white under the bright light, blood glistening where the scalpel made its sure and steady cuts. With absolute care, Hannibal dabbed at the deepening wound, the white gauze coloring red with his ministrations.

"The whole thing?" Will asked drunkenly. "All?"

Hannibal smiled and reached for the bone saw. “All, dear Will. We’re going to eat it all.”

The bone saw hummed to a start, and Hannibal put his hand to Will’s forehead, steadying him. “Just a nick, my love, and we’ll be through.” Will watched the blade whir, felt the pressure of the saw as it serrated his bone. Blood splattered against Hannibal’s face shield, misting in a fine red spray as if it were paint wrought by an artist’s hand. Hannibal cut through the remaining flesh, humming as he worked. He lifted Will’s arm from his body and placed it on a tray.

Will blinked down at where his arm had been. He tried wiggling his fingers, now gone. They were fingerling potatoes. Will liked potatoes.

Hannibal folded the flaps of skin left from his amputation and sewed up the stump neatly. Hannibal was a good surgeon. Hannibal took care of him.

They were going to eat his arm, and that was fine. Somewhere, away from the bright light, a skillet sizzled. He went to sleep.

-0-0-0-

Cockwarming

-0-0-0-

"There now. You're being so good for me. I have one more stack of essays and then I'm done."

Hannibal shifted on his knees in his pristine suit, trying not to bump his head on the desk above him. He was floating, drifting just at the edge of awareness when Will's hand settled in his hair, gently petting him. Will was grading papers, had been for over an hour, and Hannibal was sat at his feet under the desk in the study, his lips wrapped around Will's cock. A small trickle of drool escaped his mouth & Hannibal stirred, moving a hand up from where he braced himself on Will's knees to wipe it. The hand in his hair tightened.

"You're moving too much, baby. You can't have me distracted, now can you?" Will reached under the desk and traced Hannibal's lips where they stretched around his cock. "Just a little while longer, and then you'll get your reward."

Hannibal moaned, a shiver wracking his body. He took a little more of Will's cock into his mouth and breathed slowly through his nose. His whole body felt warm, and he was drifting again. He would be good, as good as was necessary. The cramps in his legs didn't matter. His throbbing knees didn't matter. In truth, he felt nothing but peace, as long as Will was pleased with him.

-0-0-0-

Bondage

-0-0-0-

Hannibal circled the bed, twirling a riding crop in one hand. He stretched out his arm, letting the tip of the crop tease Will's inner thighs. He snapped his wrist, and a sound smack jolted Will where he was stretched and bound for him. A little red welt raised where he had struck him, and he smiled.

Will's arms and legs were bound to the bed, and he was beautifully spread open for him. Will's leaking cock was red and strained against his belly. A ball gag was in his mouth.

Hannibal trailed the crop over Will's twitching cock, lightly flicking the cock ring at the base. Will moaned around the gag, arching into the touch. Then Hannibal trailed the crop over Will's quivering belly and up to caress his face.

The bed dipped as he crawled over to Will, testing his bindings with a gentle pull at his wrists. They held fast.

A line of drool had escaped from where Will's mouth was stretched, and Hannibal bent to lick it away.

"You're so beautiful like this Will, and you're being so good for me."

Will moaned, his eyes closing in pleasure as Hannibal tweaked one of his nipples, cutting into it with the edge of his thumbnail.

"Would you like me to fill you, baby boy? Make you come?"

Will arched, moaning again and nodding furiously.

Hannibal flicked his cock again with the end of the crop. "Not yet. You only get to come when I say."

Will deflated, his arms sagging against the ropes that held him.

Hannibal placed the crop on the table and knelt between Will's legs. Hannibal reached and began working the plug out of Will's hole, delighting in the little sounds he made as Hannibal rubbed his prostate.

"So open for me," Hannibal said as he stroked his own cock. "So ready."

Will made a little begging noise as he felt the head of Hannibal's cock at his entrance. Hannibal grabbed his hips and pushed into his tight, warm heat with relish.

-0-0-0-

Anatomy/Body Praise

-0-0-0-

They lay in bed, moonlight streaming through the gossamer curtains. Hannibal lay on his side, propped on his elbow looking at where Will lay against the sheets.

They were both naked, covered in sweat, and sleepy in the afterglow.

Hannibal smiled at Will, and he smiled back. "Roll over for me," Hannibal said softly.

Will's smile widened. "You want me on my belly?"

Hannibal nodded as Will complied. Hannibal stretched out his hand and settled it in the dimples of his back as Will stretched, resting his head on his arms but turned so he could still see Hannibal.

Hannibal slipped his hand beneath the dimples and over the curve of Will's ass. He kept it there, smoothing the skin with his thumb in a back and forth sweeping motion.

"You know I love this right?"

Will grinned. "My ass? Yeah, I had an idea."

Hannibal licked his lips. "No, I mean, I love the curve of it, the smoothness of your skin, the way I can spread you open and eat my fill."

"Fuck, Hannibal," Will murmured, temporarily hiding his face in his arms.

Hannibal gave his ass a little squeeze, his warm palm fitting primly over one cheek. "I love it and you."

-0-0-0-

Deep Throat/Throat Fucking

-0-0-0-

Hannibal answered the door to a tired-looking Will. He had bags under his eyes and his skin was sickly and ashen. Unkempt curls, wild and unruly, fell across his forehead.

"Will, please come in."

Will followed Hannibal inside, his motions sluggish and automatic. Hannibal led them to the study where they sat in their usual chairs. Hannibal studied Will as he sat silently, steeped in misery and his shoulders stiff.

"Do you trust me Will?"

Will raised his eyes to where they were fixed on the floor. He met Hannibal's gaze furtively, his lips parting.

"Yes," he managed.

Hannibal motioned to him. "Then come to me Will. Kneel in front of my chair."

Will seemed to awake from his stupor and found himself rising. Strong hands pushed him to his knees, tipped his chin to look at him where he stood above Will. "I'm going to help you relax, Will. To help you forget." His hands went to his fly as he withdrew his cock. He stroked it a few times until he was fully hard, and placed the head of it against Will's lips.

Will started, his eyes wide. "What are you-"

Hannibal placed his fingers against his lips and shushed him. "You don't have to do anything, Will. Just open your mouth and forget." Hannibal caressed Will's jaw until it fell open, his lips slack. Hannibal held the back of his head as he thrust inside, Will grunting softly as Hannibal's cock hit the back of his throat. Will's mouth was warm and wet, and Hannibal grunted as he thrust deeper into Will's mouth, feeling the tight constriction of Will's throat around his cock. He growled, holding Will's head steady as he fucked into his mouth. Will whined, high and soft as tears ran down his cheeks. His shoulders were relaxed, and he braced himself against Hannibal's thighs. Will closed his eyes as Hannibal used him, drool spilling from the corner of his mouth. He felt lighter. He felt free.

Hannibal thrust brutally into Will's mouth, fucking more sounds out of him as Will clenched his thighs. He was hard, he could see Will's cock straining against his pants. "You're being so good for me, Will. So perfect for me." Will whined at the praise, and Hannibal thumbed over where Will's mouth stretched around his cock. He smiled.

Hannibal pulled out, finishing in white ropes against Will's face. Come dripped from his eyelashes, his lips, and Will drifted, his eyes hazy as he fell forward against Hannibal's legs.

Hannibal reached down and gathered him up, pulling him into his lap. He petted through his hair and kissed him, tasting his release in his lips. "How do you feel?"

Will blinked, his hand going up to finger Hannibal's collar. "Good," he rasped, his throat completely ruined. Then he laughed softly. "Better now."

-0-0-0-

Masochism/Sadism

-0-0-0-

“Humiliate me,” Will gasped as he writhed against the bedpost he was tied to. “Whip me. Hurt me, Hannibal. Please.”

Will’s cock bobbed against his belly, angry red and leaking. Hannibal took it in his hand and twisted it harshly, enough to have Will arching off the bed.

“Aaaah!” Will cried out, tears in his eyes. He was breathing hard, his chest rising and falling with effort.

“Did that hurt baby boy?” Hannibal cooed.

Will nodded, his eyes closed.

“But you liked it, didn’t you?” Hannibal took the knife from the bedside table and drew a sharp line into Will’s thigh. He whined, and a thin red line dribbled down onto the sheets.

“You’re just a pain slut, aren’t you my love?” Hannibal flicked one of Will’s nipples with the edge of the knife, and his breathing increased. “You know what I do to little pain sluts like you Will?” Hannibal reached for the nipple clamps and snapped them in place. Will grunted, and Hannibal twisted them cruelly.

“I give them what they deserve.”

Hannibal placed the edge of the knife against his ribs and dragged the blade over his skin. The cut was hot; it and stung and made Will ache with want.

Hannibal grabbed Will’s cock and stroked it, gentler this time. “You’re so close aren’t you? A few more cuts and you’ll be coming untouched.”

Will moaned, and Hannibal smiled. He had his boy just how he liked him, and he was beautiful.

-0-0-0-

Primal

-0-0-0-

Will stood over the body, his chest heaving. There was a hole in the chest cavity where the heart should be. Will held it in his hand instead.

Will raised the dripping organ to his mouth and took a bite. It was warm and chewy and tasted of iron and something yet unknown to him. Something raw. From the corner of his vision, Hannibal watched, bathed in shadows. Will swallowed the bite and turned to him, a gleam in his eye.

He dropped the heart and it hit the ground with a wet slap. "Come here," he said lowly.

Hannibal walked over to Will and leaned into him, smearing his face with blood. Will grabbed him roughly by his hair and kissed him, sharing the taste of his kill.

"I want you," Will said. "Just like this. Right here. Right now."

Hannibal groaned and began pulling at Will's clothes. They undressed each other with ferocity, ripping and tearing until they both stood bare in the moonlight.

"Take me," Hannibal whispered. "I want you."

Will growled and pushed him to the ground. He kicked his knees apart, stroking his cock to hardness.

Will pushed into Hannibal, rough and dry, and Hannibal groaned at the feeling of being stretched apart. Will's held onto Hannibal's shoulders with his bloody hands, squeezing as he thrust into Hannibal at a punishing pace.

Hannibal arched beneath him, helpless to do anything but take it. His own cock leaked with neglect; when he reached back to palm himself, Will slapped his hand away.

"Come on my cock or not at all," he said roughly.

Hannibal's cock twitched, and he could feel his release tightening in his belly. Will angled his hips so he was slamming Hannibal's prostate, and Hannibal came with a shout, spurting white ropes of come onto the ground beneath them.

Will's hands slipped to Hannibal's hips, his nails digging half-moons into the skin there. He fucked him through his orgasm, ignoring his trembling legs and his whines of oversensitivity. When will came, he leaned over and bit into Hannibal's shoulder, drawing blood. Hannibal came again, his cock twitching weakly, his chest heaving.

Will collapsed on top of him and licked the wound he'd created. Hannibal's blood tasted different than his victim's. It was brighter, sharper. Will bent his head to the teeth marks and

sucked.

Hannibal moaned, and Will turned them on their sides. Come leaked out of Hannibal around Will's flaccid cock, and Will thrust weakly into Hannibal's stretched hole. He tangled his legs in Hannibal's, and his awareness sharpened. He could feel Hannibal's labored breathing, his weak little moans. The grass beneath them was wet with dew. He slipped out of Hannibal and stood on shaky legs. They had a body to dispose of. Better get to work.

-0-0-0-

Lingerie

-0-0-0-

“Would you like me to try it on for you?”

Hannibal blinked, startled from his revelry. He realized he’d been staring at the mannequin in the boutique window for longer than was appropriate, and his cheeks colored.

He briefly imagined Will wearing the white negligee and garter set that was stretched over the mannequin and his blush grew darker.

“You would do that for me?”

Will just smiled and led Hannibal into the upscale store. He spoke to the sales associate who quickly took his measurements and found the appropriate size. Then he took the garment and disappeared into the dressing room.

Will shimmied into the satin and lace, pulling the stockings over his legs before securing the garters. He looked at himself in the mirror with some satisfaction. The bralette was dainty, edged in satin and cascading form his chest in a shimmery flow of fabric. The matching panties were the same satin and cut high on his hip. They cupped him snugly and the silky fabric felt divine.

He peeked out from around the red velvet curtain and beckoned to Hannibal, who waited nervously in a small but posh sitting area.

Hannibal took him in with a hungry glare, his eyes roving over Will’s body. In one swift motion he pressed Will against the floor-length mirror, Hannibal’s hands hard on his hips. “You’re driving me crazy,” Hannibal murmured as he fingered the edge of the panties. He pressed a kiss to the line of Will’s jaw, then down to the thin strap on his shoulder. “I could eat you up in this.”

Will moaned, arching into Hannibal. He was already hard and Hannibal thumbed over the wet spot he’d made in the satin. It made Will shiver, and he rubbed himself against him.

Hannibal captured his lips with tongue and teeth, hearing Will whine in pleasure. “We’ll take one in every color,” he said decisively, hands skimming up Will’s satin-clad ass and squeezing.

-0-0-0-

Dirty Dreams

-0-0-0-

Will looked up to find Hannibal standing in the doorway, a disapproving look on his face. He loomed over where Will sat on the playmat, his toys scattered around him. A pile of crayons lay on the floor, and a bright red slash stood out on the carpet where Will had gone off the coloring paper.

“Did Daddy’s little boy make a mess?”

Will toyed with the zipper on his baby blue onesie and avoided Hannibal’s gaze. He tried to cover the spot by sitting on it, but Hannibal placed a hand in his curls, then tipped his chin so Will had no choice but to look at him.

“No, Daddy.”

Hannibal frowned in disapproval, though his touch on Will’s face remained soft. “What happens to little boys when they lie to Daddy?”

Will’s lip trembled, his eyes brimming with tears. “They get a spank,” Will managed in a small voice.

Hannibal nodded solemnly. “Indeed they do my little one.” Hannibal crossed to sit on the bed and patted the spot next to him. “Come here Will.”

Will shook his head, curls bouncing against his face. He had his arms crossed over his chest, and if it wasn’t clear that he disagreed with Hannibal, he stomped his foot in emphasis.

“Will,” Hannibal said in a warning voice. “Don’t make me come get you.”

A single tear rolled down his cheek, but his arms remained crossed.

Hannibal said nothing, but instead picked Will up like he weighed nothing and placed him on the bed.

“Daddy nooo,” Will whined, kicking his feet petulantly.

Hannibal tsked. “I was going to spank you through your underwear so it wouldn’t hurt as much, but I think a bare bottom spanking would be best.”

Will grew lax as Hannibal unzipped his onesie and pushed it down his body. He pulled Will into his lap and draped him over his knee, rubbing softly over Will’s bottom before pulling down his cartoon-printed underpants.

“Take your spanking like a big boy and Daddy will give you reward,” Hannibal cooed, soothing Will’s bare backside with his big warm hands.

Will squeaked when the first swat hit his thighs, and then another, and then another. A warm, tight feeling began to settle in his belly as he squirmed in his Daddy's lap.

A firm hand landed on his backside, then rested there, gently squeezing.

"I believe Daddy's little boy liked his spanking," Hannibal said as he gently caressed his boy. Will was hard against his legs, and he was pressing his thighs together restlessly.

Hannibal smoothed his hand up Will's back and settled in his curls. He pulled gently, tugging Will back into lovely arc. Softly, Will began to grind against him.

"D-daddy? Will asked a little breathlessly. "Is this naughty?"

Hannibal chuckled, his hand moving from his hair down his back to the cleft of his ass. He pressed a finger to his boy's tight pucker and slowly massaged it. "No Darling," he reassured him. "What you're doing is perfectly natural. Does it feel good?"

Will continued to rub against Hannibal, bracing his hands on the bed. "Yes Daddy. Feels so good."

Hannibal continued to smooth his finger against Will's rim, slipping in just the tip and feeling Will tense around him.

"Daddy," Will stuttered, riding him with ferocity now. "I can't—"

Hannibal pressed on Will's perineum and Will keened, his body jerking his release in his Daddy's arms.

Will came down from his high and shyly curled into Hannibal's lap. He grimaced at the sticky wet feeling on his belly. "Messy," he said with disapproval.

Hannibal smiled, and Will stuck his thumb in his mouth and sucked. Hannibal cleaned his boy, replaced his clothes and lay him down in the blankets. "I think you better sleep now, Will."

"Will?"

He started awake, his thighs sticky with release. His thumb lay lax in his mouth and he jerked it out immediately.

"H-Hannibal? What are you doing here?" He pulled the covers up to hide his embarrassing state and prayed Hannibal wouldn't come any closer.

Hannibal frowned. "You weren't answering your phone. You missed your appointment. I was worried."

Will ran a hand through his hair. "Jesus, you uh, you scared me."

Hannibal's mouth twitched as he took in Will's frazzled state. "Pleasant dreams?"

-0-0-0-

Edging/Orgasm Denial

-0-0-0-

Will smoothed the apron on his French Maid costume, turning around to check the hemline in the back. It barely covered his ass. Fishnet stockings completed the look, and he took one last glance in the mirror before picking up his feather duster and moving into the bedroom.

Hannibal was sitting up in bed, his tablet in his lap. A glass of juice was on the bedside table, and Will crossed to where Hannibal was and began dusting around it.

Hannibal immediately set down the tablet, his hands going out to clutch at Will's waist. Will evaded him at the last second. "Uh uh, Dr. Lecter. You can look but you can't touch."

Hannibal's eyebrows lifted, his expression pinched. "You expected me to refrain from touching you all day, looking like that?"

Will playfully bit his finger and dropped the feather duster. He bent over to pick it up in an exaggerated way, his ass in Hannibal's face. Under the stockings, he wasn't wearing any underwear.

He sat on the edge of the bed, just out of Hannibal's reach. He flicked the duster lightly over his nose, and Hannibal frowned. "Think of it as an exercise in patience, Dr. Lecter."

Then he stood and resumed prancing around the room, looking enticing as ever. Hannibal hummed. "Will I be rewarded for my patience?" he asked.

Will smiled, cocking his hip. "Oh yes, Dr. Lecter, you will be rewarded handsomely."

Hannibal dressed and resumed his daily activities, all the while Will flitted around him like some exotic bird…a tempting morsel to a starving man. That evening after dinner, Hannibal broke. He'd had enough of the teasing, enough of the flirtation. It was time to see if Will could take as good as he could give.

Hannibal stripped him of the ridiculous, wonderful costume and spread him out on the sheets of their large bed. "You've been teasing me all day," he said, his voice low. "Now it's your turn."

Will swallowed thickly, holding onto the pillow beneath his head. Hannibal kissed a trail down to his cock where he licked a long stripe up the side of it, tongue flat over the large vein there. Will moaned, jerking as Hannibal took him into his mouth, cheeks hollowing as he mouthed at the head. Will was desperately hard, had been since Hannibal stripped his clothes off, and a steady trickle of precum dribbled down his shaft.

"Hannibal please," Will gasped, gently thrusting into his mouth. But Hannibal withdrew before he could hit the back of his throat. Will whined as Hannibal's hands and mouth left him, only to twitch eagerly when Hannibal's slick fingers hit his rim.

He pushed two in without preamble, rough and tight and nowhere near his prostate. Will's cock twitched, leaking more precum onto his belly until he was slick with it. Will pushed himself on those fingers, seeking the contact he needed, but Hannibal denied him. He inserted another finger, stretching his boy until he was open and ready for him.

"Please, I need to come," Will whimpered, twisting his body as if he could make Hannibal's fingers give him what he needed. When Hannibal brushed over the swollen bud, it was just a ghost of a touch, but it was enough to have Will arching off the sheets.

"You're close, aren't you my love?" Hannibal cooed, his hand going to Will's cock as he fucked him with his fingers. He could tell Will was about to break…could tell from his rapid breathing, the twist of his brow and his slack mouth. He squeezed the base of Will's cock, stopping his impending orgasm.

Will keened his disappointment, sweat breaking out on his forehead and his chest flushing. Hannibal worked him with his mouth, tasting the salty bitterness of his aching boy, delighting in the flutter of his stomach muscles and the way his thighs trembled.

"Can you take another finger dearest?" Will was so far gone he could only mumble his assent. His head thrashed back and forth against the pillow, lost in that liminal space between pleasure and pain. The fourth finger fit easily inside Will's snug channel, and Hannibal teased his prostate just to see him writhing, then withdrew.

"Please Hannibal. Fuck me. I need you," Will mumbled nearly incoherently, clutching the sheets in desperation. Hannibal smoothed his inner thigh, soft sweeping movements, back and forth, and shushed him. "I know you do dear. But you were very naughty today. So you will have to wait."

Will groaned, licking his lips. His eyes were shut tight, and tears streamed from beneath his thick lashes. His cock strained against his belly, needing relief. Hannibal flicked the head, and Will cried out.

Hannibal sank his hand into Will's tight, wet heat, methodically working Will open. He could do this for hours, if needed. And tonight, maybe he would.

-0-0-0-

Threesome

-0-0-0-

“I would like you to meet Antony Dimmond,” Hannibal said as he gestured between the two men. “Antony, this is my husband, Will Graham.”

Antony smiled, enigmatic and charming, and shook Will’s hand firmly. “It’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

Will nodded jerkily, withdrawing his hand and shoving both in his pockets. “Likewise,” he muttered.

Hannibal entered their space, placing a hand on both their shoulders. “I thought we might all get to know each other a little better.

Antony’s mouth quirked upward, and Will’s hands slipped out of his pockets. Hannibal had told him he was bringing in someone for Will to meet, someone they might want to welcome into their bedroom, but Will had not expected this.

Antony was handsome and carried himself with a dignified sort of swagger. He had beautiful hands.

Will swallowed, looking to Hannibal and then stepping into Antony’s space. One of those elegant hands landed in the middle of his chest, and Will covered it almost immediately.

Antony was warm, and flexed his fingers beneath Will’s hand. Will licked his lips, and Antony leaned into his space.

The kiss was chaste at first, then grew more heated as Antony teased his tongue between Will’s lips, slipping into his velvet heat. Will moaned, opening to the kiss, grabbing at Antony and pulling him closer into his arms.

Hannibal cleared his throat and the two men separated. Will was panting slightly, and his pupils were blown. Hannibal caressed his face, then ran a hand over Antony’s hair, smoothing it around to cup his ear.

“Maybe we should continue this in the bedroom,” Hannibal said as he gestured to a far door. “Shall we gentleman?”

Antony smiled at Will, then shyly grabbed his hand as Will led them into the bedroom. Antony suddenly pushed Will down on the bed, gripping at the hem of his shirt and stripping it over his head.

“Hannibal told me a little bit about you,” Antony started, “How you like to be stuffed full of cock. How you beg for it.” He ran a hand over Will’s chest, down to his belly before gripping his cock. “Will you beg for it Will? Will you beg for me?”

Hannibal pulled Antony off of Will and began kissing him, stripping of his suit coat and going down to work at his belt buckle. He stripped it off and handed it to Antony. "Give him a lash or two," Hannibal said lowly. "My boy loves pain."

Hannibal finished stripping Antony of his clothes and stood behind him. Antony pulled the belt back and let it go against Will's bare flesh, watching as Will writhed, his cock leaking.

"He's beautiful," Antony murmured. Hannibal kissed him again, his hand going down to fist his cock. "And he's mine. Don't forget that while you're fucking him."

Antony just smiled and pulled away from Hannibal. He crawled over Will, lightly fingering the welts on his bare thighs, drinking in the little moans he made as he thumbed over the head of his cock.

"You want me to make you feel good?" Antony asked Will. "Make you come?"

Will drew up his knees, his legs spread lewdly. Antony gripped his waist and slid him down the bed as Hannibal freed his cock and settled over his chest. Hannibal gave his cock a few strokes before feeding it into Will's mouth. Will coughed once, then hummed around Hannibal's cock as Hannibal began to lightly thrust. He tilted his head back, inviting Hannibal to fuck his mouth even deeper.

Antony pumped some lube into his hands and spread it through his fingers. He began fingering Will open, relishing the way Will twisted against his hands.

"Not too much," Hannibal said breathlessly. "Leave him tight. Let it burn."

Antony huffed out a breathlessly laugh and withdrew his fingers. He gripped Will's waist and pressed into him, raising his arms to hold onto Hannibal as he thrust into Will's tight entrance. He draped his body over Hannibal's, both of them slicked with sweat and Will moaning loudly beneath them.

Will was helpless to do anything but take it from both of them. Antony drilled into his prostate, anchoring his thrusts by gripping Hannibal's waist. Hannibal stuffed his mouth with his thick cock, choking him to the point of tears.

And Will loved every minute of it. He came hard, vision whiting out as he spurted messily between the two of them. Antony reached down and pumped his cock enthusiastically, milking him to the point of emptiness, working him to the point of overstimulation until Will was coming weakly, his spent cock twitching against Hannibal's back.

Hannibal withdrew, stroking his cock over Will's face until he was painted white with ropes of cum. Will moaned weakly, still getting drilled by Antony, and licked his tongue out past his lips to catch some of Hannibal's release. Hannibal raised up off of him, settling behind his head and petting his hair. "You're taking it so well, my love. You're so good for me."

Will rasped a response, throat fucked out and ruined. Hannibal leaned over Will to kiss Antony and he came, thrusting erratically into Will as Will gasped in pleasure and came again.

Then Hannibal cleaned up Will with a warm washcloth and lay down beside him. Antony got dressed, leaning over to kiss Hannibal goodbye. “It was a pleasure getting to know you both,” he said as he exited the bedroom.

-0-0-0-

Aftercare

-0-0-0-

Hannibal drew back the riding crop, letting it fall against the smooth flesh of Will's thighs. A red welt rose where the crop lashed his skin, and Will moaned. His cock was steadily leaking down the shaft where he stood spread against the wall, his hands and feet secured and spread apart by soft ropes. The next hit struck him across his ass and he gasped, hands flexing in their bindings.

"More," he moaned, "just a little more."

Hannibal trailed the crop between his thighs, up his cleft to tease at his entrance. He drew back and struck him hard against the red welts there, and Will jerked, arching his back with his release. Ropes of cum painted the wall as Will rode out his orgasm, every muscle tensing then relaxing as Hannibal rushed to release him.

His feet and hands were released in seconds, and he eased his boy down onto the soft carpet. Hannibal carried him bridal style to the bed where he lay him out against the cool sheets. He grabbed a soft wash cloth, steaming warm, and washed the cum and sweat from his skin.

He had a cool cloth for his face, and he roused Will from his drop in gentle increments, smoothing the cloth over his face and neck and wiping him clean.

"Darling," Hannibal cooed. "You need to roll over on your belly so I can treat your marks."

Will nodded, barely conscious, and flipped on his stomach. Hannibal withdrew a pot of salve from the bedside table and gently dabbed it onto the red marks left by the riding crop. Will gasped in pleasure, the cool, soothing salve leaching the heat from his skin. Hannibal bent his head and kissed the small of his back.

"You did so well…you were so good for me." Will smiled lazily, still hazy and not entirely present. Hannibal stroked over his skin. "Would you like me to run you a bath?"

Will shook his head and reached for Hannibal. "Just stay with me," he said, licking his lips. Hannibal curled up beside Will and wrapped his arms around his boy. There was nowhere else he'd rather be.

-0-0-0-

Sensory Deprivation

-0-0-0-

“Close your eyes, Hannibal.”

Will circled where Hannibal sat, his arms bound behind him with rope and secured to his ankles. His steps were soft, his breathing deliberately controlled.

“But I’m blindfolded.”

Will trailed the leather whip over Hannibal’s shoulder, nudging his chin with it threateningly.

“Did I tell you to speak?”

Hannibal’s cock twitched where it bobbed against his belly, hard, leaking and neglected. “No sir,” he whispered.

“And you won’t speak,” Will continued. “You’re to sit here until I decide to touch you. Do you understand?”

Hannibal nodded. He sat on the floor for a very long time. His ears roared with the silence. The stillness of the room prickled against his skin. He found himself unable to think, to entertain himself in the deafening quiet. It wasn’t until he felt tears against his cheeks that he realized he was crying.

Then, the unmistakable sound of skin against skin. A few strokes, a huff of air, then nothing.

The wet head of Will’s cock pushed against his lips.

He sighed in relief, opening to him readily. Will grabbed his face, pushing into his boy until he felt Hannibal’s tight throat constrict around his cock. He groaned and slid back out again, the edges of Hannibal’s sharp teeth catching on his sensitive skin.

“You’ve been so good,” Will said as he fucked into him again. “You’re doing so well. I know it’s hard for you but you know I will always guide you.” His hand went up to his hair, clenching handfuls of the straw-colored strands. “I’ll always be here.”

Hannibal moaned around his cock, tears flowing from beneath the blindfold. He hollowed his cheeks, sucking Will down as much as Will was using his mouth, drool spilling from the corners of his mouth. He was unable to wipe it.

Will pulled out without finishing, let his cock bob against Hannibal’s bruised mouth once more. “Are your eyes closed, Hannibal?”

Hannibal groaned. “Yes sir,” he almost sighed. He was floating blissfully, mind completely blank.

“Good boy,” Will cooed. “You’ll be rewarded.” He caressed Hannibal’s face. “Would you like that? Would you like to come on my cock?”

The sound Hannibal made was almost inhuman. “Yessir,” he finally managed, then found his words. “I’m so empty, please sir—“

Will pressed his thumb over Hannibal’s lips, gripped his cheek rough enough that it was just on the right side of pain. “Don’t beg, Hannibal. It’s not becoming of you.” He smoothed the skin of his upper lip, pressure-white from the pad of his thumb. “Or maybe it is. Maybe I should make you beg.”

Hannibal nodded furiously, and more precum leaked from his slit. “Anything sir. Anything for your cock.”

Will let his hand settle against Hannibal’s neck, fingers drifting over his rapid pulse. “That’s my boy.”

-0-0-0-

Face-Sitting

-0-0-0-

“C’mere Little Omega. Come sit on Daddy’s face where you belong.”

Will crawled up Hannibal’s length and braced himself on the headboard. Hannibal licked a broad strip up his slit, and his whole body trembled.

“You’re so good for me,” Hannibal praised him. “So wet for me. You’re tight little cunt is so perfect for me.”

Will nearly came at the praise, his pussy leaking even more slick onto Hannibal’s chin. Hannibal nosed his lips open, snaking out his tongue to probe at his swollen clit. He licked it roughly, then pulled it between his teeth and sucked.

“Oh shit!” Will said as he began moving his hips against Hannibal’s mouth. “That’s fucking perfect…that’s so fucking—“

He went silent as Hannibal’s large hands came up to settle at his waist. Hannibal alternated between swirling his tongue around the sensitive nub and nearly sucking Will’s soul from his body.

The sensation of Hannibal eating him out…his velvet lips and the slight stubble rasping against him was almost too much to bear. Will flexed his toes, tightened his grip on the headboard and rocked into Hannibal, his orgasm just out of reach.

“Gonna eat you up, darling,” Hannibal murmured, tracing his tongue and teeth down to Will’s entrance. He stabbed his tongue inside, and Will shook apart.

Will cried out, grinding his pussy against Hannibal’s face. Hannibal let him ride it out, making lewd slurping noises as he thrust his tongue in and out of Will’s clenching entrance until Will finally keened, overstimulated and oversensitive.

Hannibal looked up at Will with something akin to wonder in his eyes. His lips and chin were wet with slick, and he licked out his tongue to catch what he could, chasing the taste of him even after the fact.

“Now I’m going to fuck you, Sweet Omega. Put a baby in you. Would you like that?”

Will felt a hot wave of desire in his belly and he nodded. “Yes Alpha,” he said, panting. “Anything you want.”

-0-0-0-

Food Kink

-0-0-0-

“What are you making,” Will asked as he wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s waist. He nuzzled into the firm plane of his shoulders, taking in his warm welcoming scent. Hannibal hummed.

“Chocolate ganache,” he replied, “for the cake I made.”

Will spun him around, leaving him pressed against the counter and dipped his fingers in the bowl behind him. He licked them, then pressed his lips to Hannibal’s.

“Mmm, that’s good,” Will said as he licked a bit of chocolate off of Hannibal’s lips. “So this goes on a cake?”

Hannibal nodded. “Among other things,” he intoned.

Will smiled crookedly and grabbed the bowl. “Other things,” he said thoughtfully as he pulled the spoon up and let it drizzle back down into the bowl. He twisted it until the surface of the spoon shined with chocolate. He pressed it to the end of Hannibal’s nose.

“Will—“

“No no, Hannibal you said other things,” he said, and licked the tip of Hannibal’s nose. “I want to explore the possibilities of what other things might entail.”

He sat the bowl down on the counter and ran his hand over Hannibal’s bulge. He was already half hard.

Will fell to his knees. He worked Hannibal’s cock out of his pants and took up the spoon. Hannibal’s cock twitched as Will drizzled warm chocolate over his length. He gripped Will’s hair.

“This is unexpected,” he rumbled pleasantly, hips shifting forward as the head of his cock hit Will’s lips.

“And delicious,” Will replied, licking up his shaft. He moaned, gripping Hannibal’s hips as he swallowed him down. Hannibal thrust lightly into his mouth, filling Will’s throat. Will hollowed his cheeks, sucking the chocolate from Hannibal’s cock as Hannibal gently pushed into him.

Will’s face was a mess, chocolate smeared over his stretched mouth and cheeks. He moaned again, and the vibration of it was enough to send Hannibal coming down his throat.

Will swallowed him down, rocking on his knees as Hannibal jerked into him. He pulled off reluctantly, swirling his tongue around the head. Hannibal groaned, oversensitive, and Will

licked his lips.

Hannibal ran a thumb over Will's ruined mouth. Chocolate stained his lips and chin, and he was grinning up at him.

"Messy, messy boy."

-0-0-0-

Marking/Scent

-0-0-0-

“I would be happy to pack you something to go Will. It’s no trouble.”

Will stood in the doorway, his hands shoved in his pockets. “Ok,” he said softly. “Smells delicious.”

Hannibal stood, inclining his head. “I’ll be right back.” He left, and Will was alone.

Will rubbed at his scent glands, get enough pheromones on his skin to transfer to whatever he touched. He picked up Hannibal’s sketchbook, the edge of his desk. He ran his hand along his chair and, after thinking about it for a moment, sat down.

He sighed, thinking about how Hannibal would sit here later and smell him. Maybe desire him.

It was what Will wanted, after all.

Hannibal crossed to where Hannibal’s coat hung by the door, slipped it on, being sure to snug it tight around the neck. He rubbed the collar along his throat, purring.

“Will?”
Hannibal stood in the doorway with a packed box of food in his hands. His nostril’s flared, and his molten amber eyes fixed on where Will was shamelessly rubbing himself on Hannibal’s coat.

Will turned bright red, shrugging out of the coat and hanging it back on the hook. “I was cold,” he muttered lamely.

Hannibal smiled, placing the box of food on his desk. “Indeed.” He crossed to where Will stood by the door, a burning flush on his cheek.

“If you need warming up, Will, you need only ask.” He ran his hand along Will’s jaw, let his fingers dip to his throat, along the scent glands on his neck. “Did you want me to smell you later Will?”

Will swallowed, his face blazing. He leaned into Hannibal’s touch and nodded.

“You assume I’m not already attuned to your scent, that I can’t pick it up without such brazen efforts.”

Will bit his lip, large eyes fixed on Hannibal. “Can you? Smell me when I’m not here, I mean.”

Hannibal smiled slyly and ran a finger along Will’s delicate throat. “I can. And you want to know what I do?”

Will whined high in his throat. Hannibal gripped his face, hands threading in his silken curls. “I touch myself, Will, with your scent stuck in my throat.”

Will groaned, pressing into Hannibal’s front. He rutted shamelessly against Hannibal, his hands going around his neck.

“You’ve been a very naughty Omega,” Hannibal said as he nipped at his throat. “What’s to be done about that?”

Will looked up demurely, his lip between his teeth. “Punish me, Alpha.” He fluttered his lashes. “I deserve it.”

Hannibal smiled and pressed his lips to Will’s, delving into the heat of his mouth, exploring at his leisure. He withdrew and pushed Will back against the wall, startling a gasp from the Omega. “Indeed you do deserve it. Perhaps I’ll have you ride me in the chair you so thoughtfully scent marked for me. Would you like that, Will?”

Will made a little noise and pulled Hannibal closer. “Yes Alpha. Anything.”

-0-0-0-

Wax Play

-0-0-0-

Will squirmed against the silk scarves keeping his legs and arms fixed. His red cock leaked steadily against his belly, and when he heard Hannibal enter the room, he raised his head.

He was blindfolded, but he could hear Hannibal's soft footfalls across the carpeted bedroom. The bed dipped as he crawled across the bed.

Somewhere near, a match struck; he could hear the scratch and smell the sulfur smoke. Hannibal placed a warm hand on his chest. "Are you ready Will?"

Will took a breath, the match stinging his nostrils. The waxy smell of candles filled the air, and he felt the heat of the flame near his skin.

"Yes," he whispered. "I'm ready."

Hannibal tipped the candle and let the hot wax drip over Will's nipple and he jerked, hissing at the heat and sting of it. Hannibal dribbled wax across his chest, little drops of white hardening on contact with Will's smooth skin. Will moaned, jerking against the scarves. His cock twitched, and Hannibal flicked the head of it. Will gasped, his hips coming up off the mattress. Hannibal smoothed his hand down his chest, letting his nail drag over the little hardened droplets of wax.

"Can you come for me Will? Just like this?" He dripped another drop of wax low on his belly, near the base of his cock. It strained, bobbing gently for want of being touched. Hannibal licked his lips and lowered his mouth over the head of his cock, humming softly.

Will cried out, jerking into his mouth as Hannibal swallowed him down. He pulled off in time to drip another drop of wax along the shaft, Will finally coming apart at the contact. Ropes of come spilled messily up his stomach as Hannibal massaged his perineum, hand drifting over the little bridge of skin there up to massage his balls. Will's cock twitched weakly in overstimulation, and he was panting. Hannibal smoothed his hand over his hip and squeezed gently. He removed Will's blindfold and kissed him. "You were so good for me, Will. You always are."

-0-0-0-

End Notes

Thank you for reading and come say hello at my Twitter @willygrayham. I post ficlets and updates there!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!